DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

Author of "Gerta's Newrsgaf," "Lindeman Brothers," etc.

"I never liked the young man much." *p. 67.*

CHAPTER X.

NEWS FROM JOE.

Joe Falconer went up to Edinburgh at the time appointed, and before he had been there many days he met Mr. Buist. They could not have been "first-year's men" without meeting. I wonder it had not occurred to Sir James Coyne that such an encounter must inevitably take place.

The friendly hand held out, and the cheery "Hillo, old Kaiser, what planet have you dropped from?" assured Mr. Buist that he was mistaken in believing that the Falconers still cherished resentment against him.

"It was just like you," Joe continued, "not to send an address, and Robina has been fretting that she couldn't answer your letter. Doe wanted to thank you for that pretty book, too. You're a nice young man, you are. Just the same head-over-heels Kaiser that you ever were!"

"Do you think so, Joe?" And then Joe looked, and saw that the handsome face had more than one ugly scar upon it, that the eyes wore a more steadfast light, the lips were more closely set together, as if binding themselves to keep guard over a restive spirit.

"There's a—difference. Have you been ill?"

Mr. Buist told the story of the railway accident, only omitting all reference to locality.

"I had a smash on the railway, and lay for weeks insensible. Nobody knew who I was, and I can't imagine

what would have become of me if——"

"Kaiser! it never was *you* that lay unidentified at Northcote?"

"Yes it was, Joe."

"And we not to know! How horrid! The twins were in such a state about *the stranger;* and we were all congratulating ourselves that no one we knew was in the train! Were you coming to Hackleton when that happened?"

Joe's question told Kaiser that his visit had not transpired, and he hesitated before answering.

Joe, thinking he was maybe touching dangerous ground, did not wait for the reply, but exclaimed, "Well! I *am* glad I've caught you here, and I'll take care we don't lose you again. They will be pleased at home to hear of you, particularly Robina."

"Is—is Lady Coyne well?" Kaiser asked.

"Yes, very well. She gets along finely at The Grange. She was very pleased to have that book you sent."

Kaiser's lips tightened, and the colour mounted to his brow, but he merely asked a commonplace question—

"And Sir James, is he well?"

"Very much so. He's a brick all round." A prolonged pause, then Joe added, "Kaiser, I am sure you will like to hear that Sir James makes Dora happy."

"You do me justice in thinking that, Joe."

After that they talked of Edinburgh, its University, its beautiful scenery. Then of professors, and class-books, and last of all of lodgings, of which Joe had scant experience, and that little not agreeable.

He felt wretchedly dull by himself in apartments, and he did not scruple to say so.

"Suppose," said Mr. Buist, "that you and I chum together. We shall be attending the same classes, both being first-year's men, though I am late on the field, and you are early. How would you like that?"

"First rate. I shall be delighted."

So it was decided, and when they parted Kaiser said, with a sad kind of smile, very unlike his joyous smile of old, "When you tell them at home of our arrangement, you had better say that I am—going in for the medical missions. Mrs. Falconer and—your sisters, did not have a high opinion, at one time, of my fitness to be a boy's mentor. I deserved to be doubted; but if—they knew all, I think they would trust me now."

"Oh yes, that's all right," Joe replied. That is a safe and convenient sort of remark to make when our ideas on the subject before us are somewhat hazy. It contents our companion and does not commit us to a definite opinion.

That meeting with Joe had done Mr. Buist a great deal of good. Though scarcely conscious of the fact, he had been much depressed in spirit over the neglect of him, the want of consideration for his feelings, the resentment shown by the Falconers in not acknowledging his communication. He was endowed with a sensitive and demonstrative nature, and was greatly dependent on his fellow-mortals for what makes life a gladness, without which life is a desert—sympathy. Even when he was most recklessly trampling on the feelings of others, he was most in need of their loving interest. Strange anomaly!

So he had brooded over Robina's silence, and felt himself rather ill-used.

But that was cleared up by Joe's explanation, and Kaiser said within himself, "As usual, my own fault. I mess things and blame other people, and live to discover that *I* only am in the wrong. When *will* I learn wisdom?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTER FROM JOE.

A DAY or two after that meeting between the students, Dora was spending an afternoon with the Falconers. Robina had had one of her "bad turns," which meant days of agonising pain meekly and mutely borne; but she was revived enough to be laid on the sofa and long for Dora's bright face and tender nursing.

Sir James had been in to see her in the morning, and he had said, "I think it is time for *me* to prescribe for you, my dear. I shall lend you my wife to-day, and you shall keep her till to-morrow, if you like."

Robina looked ecstatic. No one knew how she had missed Dora's vigilant care, how often when she lay awake at night she wearied for the quiet voice and loving touch, which so often wooed sleep to her aching head when nothing else could. It had been Dora's custom to go into Robina's room the last thing every night and "tuck in the baby," just as their mother was in the habit of doing by the twins. And that tucking-in process always meant a quiet talk together, a simple prayer breathed to God while the sisters held each other in a loving embrace, a good deal of confidential outpouring of heart, not a little strengthening of one another's spirit.

How Robina had missed all that, and longed for it, and tried to be resigned to its loss, only her own soul knew; but Sir James got a glimpse behind the curtain which her unselfishness had hung over the void in her life.

"Yes; I'll lend you my wife for more than a call. I wouldn't do that for anybody but yourself, my dear." And Robina was most grateful.

She was lying next day on the sofa, and Dora was seated near her, sometimes smoothing her hair with the soft magnetic touch which Robina loved so dearly, but oftener Dora's hand lay lightly upon that of her sister, and their eyes held communion.

Mrs. Falconer was sitting in the arm-chair opposite, occasionally making a remark, or asking a question. Presently Teddie came in, trying to make as little noise as possible, for he, like Dora, studied Robina. He had an open letter in his hand, and no sooner did Mrs. Falconer see it than she exclaimed—

"From Joe? What a good boy he is to write so often. Do let us hear what he says."

"It's a letter cram-full of news—such news. Shall I read it for the public benefit? Are you able for that, Ro?"

"Yes," said Robina; "I want to hear Joe's news."

So Teddie began—

"DEAR TED,—It's your turn for a letter, so here goes. Who do you think I met in the quad. three days ago? You'll never guess, so I'll tell you. Old Kaiser! And, what do you think? *He* was that unfortunate man we read about who got smashed near Northcote——"

A scream from Mrs. Falconer, and a smothered ejaculation from Dora, stopped Teddie there. He liked the sensation he had created, and said—

"I thought you'd be astonished."

Robina did not speak or move, but quietly laid her other hand on Dora's, and Mrs. Falconer exclaimed—

"My goodness! But I might have guessed as much. It was just like him to rush in here like a torrent, and then fly off and collide with something."

Her daughters both looked at her, but said no word, and she was not aware of their inquiring eyes. Teddie, however, asked—

"In here? Kaiser wasn't here?"

Mrs. Falconer saw then that she had made an indiscreet admission, and that she must abide by it, so replied—

"Yes, he was here. He came to make a scene, I think, having heard of Dora's engagement. He raved about being sorry, and wishing to make it up with her again, and all that; but I knew how much such talk was to be depended upon. And I must say he grew reasonable when I pointed out the—the situation, don't you know, and all about Sir James. Then he went off like a tornado. I never liked the young man much, and it is just what I've expected of him—he was sure to collide with something."

Once, while she talked, a shiver passed through Dora, but she made no sign, and Robina made no sign—only pressed the hand between hers a little more closely.

"Why in creation have we never heard this till now?" Teddie asked. "Why, madre, if you had told, some of us would have recognised that description, and have gone to him. Just think of poor Kaiser lying there, as Joe says—" and he resumed reading. "Only imagine, Ted, and we never knew. He is still scarred, and is very thin, but says his health is all right again. We have joined forces and gone into joint rooms. It is ever so much nicer than being alone——"

"Now, I hope that impulsive young man won't lead our Joe into mischief. He was not very stable," Mrs. Falconer interrupted.

"No fear; you listen to what Joe says;" and Teddie went on—"Kaiser tells me to let you know that he has come up here to study for the medical missions. He purposes going out to India, or Africa, or some other outlandish place, to cure and convert the heathens. I can't exactly tell you *how* he is changed, but somehow the old man has what one might call *steadied*. He took me off to church last Sunday, and he has given up billiards and some other habits he had.

"I told him how it was that Robina had never answered his letter, and he was immensely pleased to find we had not forgotten him. He asked after Dora and Sir James. I am sure he has——" Teddie stopped, glanced at his eldest sister, and muttered, "Perhaps I shouldn't read more just now."

"Please go on, Ted," said Dora, quietly; and Teddie resumed—

"I am sure he has quite recovered from his disappointment, and sees that what is is best. He asks to be kindly remembered to Lady Coyne, and last night he said, 'Perhaps Robina will write to me when she knows.' You might give Ro the hint, Ted. It would please old Kaiser. I told him that Doe liked his present, and always used it on Sundays. So it's all straight now. I do so hate rows with one's friends, and I always did like Kaiser awfully; so I hope you will all *do the civil*, let bygones be bygones, and remember he's going to do *me* a lot of good. For my sake as well as anything, I hope madre and you all will send messages to the old man.

"I must stop now. Love to all; an extra kiss to Dora, Lady Coyne, when you see her, and say I'll write to Sir James very soon. Good-bye.—From JOE."

There was very little said about Mr. Buist after Teddie finished reading Joe Falconer's letter; but when the sisters retired, and Dora came to "tuck in the baby," Robina gazed at her wistfully, but did not allude to the subject uppermost in the minds of both. It was Dora who spoke first. "I am so thankful," she murmured "to hear that he has changed. *That* seems to swallow up the—the bitterness of finding that he came back, after all."

"I shall write to Kaiser to-morrow," said Robina; and that was all that passed between them about it that night.

But frequently during the long sleepless hours Robina was aware of the form she loved so dearly, robed in a crimson dressing-gown, with hair unbound, and eyes enlarged by some great passion of suffering, stirred by a restless or troubled spirit, moving noiselessly in the room. Smoothing a pillow, adjusting a rug, dropping a curtain, sometimes bending over her couch, sometimes kneeling with bowed head at a little distance.

Once the yearning of Robina's heart overcame her scruples, and she looked up at Dora, and said, "I am not asleep, darling. Would you like to talk? Can you not rest, Doe?"

"It rests me to be near you. No, I—can't talk, dear."

Next morning, it chanced that the sisters were again alone together, and Sir James was expected, as he had announced his intention of recalling his "loan" at that time.

They had been silent for some time, and then Dora said suddenly, "That letter. You are going to write to—Kaiser to-day. I have a message to send."

She paused a moment and Robina said, "Well, dear?"

"Tell him that I did not know until last night that he had been here. Tell him that I have never ceased to pray for him, that I am—happy—and—I hope—he will be,—that he *is* happy, too. Tell him how very glad I am that he is studying, and that I feel quite sure he will be—he *is*—all I hoped he might be some day. Tell him—his Bible is beside father's hymn-book—memorials of my dead. Oh, no! I—I didn't mean *that*. Not those last few words, Robina. Just say, about the book—what you know. I think that is all I wished to say."

"I shall give your message faithfully."

It was a very brief and simple conversation which the husband and wife held on the subject.

As they drove away towards Oldham Grange, Dora gave Sir James Joe's letter to read, and when he had finished it, she told him what Mrs. Falconer had concealed.

She told it very quietly and naturally; and added, "I feel sorry that mother did not tell us at the time, because we could have made his trouble less bitter for him if we had known."

"Whom do you mean by 'we,' Dora?"

"You and I, of course."

"Perhaps for some reasons it is as well we did not know."

"I have sent a message to him. I think it right he should know the truth. You approve, James?"

"I—yes, oh—yes! I am inclined to think that his impetuosity, which led to a temporary disappointment, has received a salutary check. And I believe that same disappointment, combined with illness, has raised him morally as nothing else could have done. I am satisfied that a change for good has taken place in the soul of Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist."

Later in the evening Dora followed Sir James to his study, and sitting on a stool by his chair where he could not see her face she said, "James, I wish I might do some little things for you."

"Little things! You do great things for me, Dora."

"Never mind the great things. I want to—to—couldn't I wind up your study clock, and put the sugar in your coffee; and there is a heap of small things you do for yourself that I could do, that would not be interfering with the duties which Martha and Susan couldn't live without doing for you."

"What has put this extraordinary idea into your head,

Dora? You are not, surely not, jealous of my sisters, after vanquishing them as you have done, too?"

"No, no, I only want to be of use to you. I'd like to think that you'd miss me, James."

"Miss you! God, who gave you to me, knows *how* I should miss you. Miss you, Dora! God forbid that ever I should live to miss you."

He had been startled out of himself by what she said, and the thoughts it suggested, and Dora was considerably disturbed at sight of his emotion; for as we know—Sir James was a self-contained, practical Englishman, trained by commerce to take nothing for granted beyond what he saw.

Guided by religion and common sense, serene of thought, methodical in action, she was not in the least prepared to find that the thought of losing her was enough to upset the balance of, and create utter confusion in, his mind!

"I am afraid I am talking sad nonsense, James," she said softly, "I did not know before that I was in the least like 'David Copperfield's' Dora. But now I think of it, my talking about the sugar and the clock must look to you very like that 'child-wife' asking to hold the pens!"

He stooped and drew her close to his heart, and said in a broken voice, so unlike his usual tones, that Dora felt awe-struck by it, "You are no child-wife, Dora; you are what your name means, the gift of God. May I be enabled to 'have and hold' His gift aright! Perhaps I did not sufficiently consider your thoughts and necessities, the kind of companionship your spirit required. But I meant to make you happy, and I loved you as a man should love one he desires for his helpmeet on the road to Heaven. Dorothea, the gift of God! I thank Him hourly for His gift."

By the time he had done speaking Sir James had recovered himself; and when Dora, longing to open her whole heart to him, tried to follow up what he said by a full confession of her inmost thoughts, he stopped her by saying, "We must not grow sentimental, Dora. We must keep watch over our feelings lest they become our masters. I fear I have not been keeping my curb-rein tight enough. Look to yours, my dear. We must always keep in mind that *this* world, and its best blessings, are but temporary. The goal is beyond, and beyond is where our hearts must be fixed. Now, I am sure you are tired, and ought to be asleep. I can't say I regret having lent you to Robina, but I do not think I shall do so often, if you are to look so white and fatigued after it.

"Robina's silence did no one any harm. It spared you some anxiety, and the young man lost nothing by it. In fact I may say he gained somewhat by it.

"The truth is, Dora, that Robina identified the sufferer by that accident, and came to me about it. I asked her to say nothing of her surmise, and I went and saw after him. I made arrangements for his comfort and so on. It is a pleasure to me to know that what I did was of use and ensured, as far as human help could ensure it, the ultimate recovery of Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist."

"How good, how good of you, James!"

"You are not going to be wroth with Robina, are you?"

"Oh no! It was best I did not know that he was ill just then. It has all been ordered for the best, no doubt. Now I will own to being tired, and go upstairs."

She went away, hearing her husband say, "God bless you, Dora," as she left him. *(To be continued.)*

OUT-OF-DOORS IN MAY.

BY JANE S. CLARKE.

The cold winds and heavy rains of the early spring months in England are always very trying to children, for, deceived by the bright sunshine, they are apt to take off some of their winter wraps, and forthwith they catch cold in the bitter east wind. If they are too wise to do this, perhaps they object to carrying umbrellas, and get caught in a smart April shower, and come home, if not, as they say, "wet through," yet sufficiently wet to give their mothers some anxiety about their health. It is, therefore, a cause for much rejoicing in the family when more genial weather ushers in the "merrie month" of May, although it may, perhaps, be true, as some people say, that our climate is really getting colder than it used to be. The weather, certainly, does not seem to tempt us to indulge in those "out-of-door" games that used to be so popular with our ancestors on the first of May.

In the little Devonshire town where we lived as children May-day was considered quite a gala day; all the horses of the coaches or omnibuses used to have flowers on their heads, the drivers and guards had "posies" in their coats, and flowers were tied to the whips, whilst the festive character of the day was shown by processions of sailors, carrying model ships covered with flowers, and with, we are sorry to say, strings of birds' eggs in the rigging. Then came "Jack in the Green," with the smartly-dressed sweeps dancing around him, whilst boys and girls, with garlands of flowers in their hands, visited all the houses in the neighbourhood. Of course they expected to have pennies given to them, but for what reason we do not remember.

But all this seems very poor compared to the doings in Queen Elizabeth's time, as described by an old writer in "The Order of May Games." He says, "Against May, Whitsuntide, or some other time of year, every parish, town, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, and go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, and return, bringing with them birch-

boughs and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus: They have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tip of his horns; and these oxen draw home this May-pole, which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, bound round about with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great devotion." Bright handkerchiefs and flags floated from the top of the pole, which was lifted to its place with much ceremony and shouting, and fixed firmly in the ground, and then the people joined hands and danced around it.

But the May-pole has long since vanished from the scene, and only makes its appearance to add to the attractions of a fête for some charitable object. The "tall May-pole" that once "o'erlooked the Strand" was given (at his request) to Sir Isaac Newton, and taken to Wanstead, in Essex, and was there used for "raising the greatest telescope then known."

The zeal of the Puritans in England made them abolish the saints' and holy days of the Roman Catholic church, which, at any rate, gave the people some rest from their daily toil; and they did not keep the family festival days, as the Protestants do on the Continent, so that until the Bank-holiday was established, the English people had very few holidays, and, indeed, seemed to care very little about them, except May-day and Christmas. Now we see whole families going off to spend their Bank-holiday in the country, or in the parks, and there is, perhaps, some hope that the mothers will more fully realise the value of fresh air, not only for their children, but for themselves.

It is not, however, necessary that they should always take *exercise* in the fresh air, for sometimes they are so tired with their home-work, that it would give them no pleasure, and the exercise would be of no benefit to them, but, if they would simply sit and *rest* in the fresh air for an hour every day, they would find it calm their overtaxed nerves, and they would be refreshed and strengthened for the work yet to be done.

Some American ladies have tried it for half an hour each day, even in the depth of winter, when they were, of course, dressed warmly, sitting out-of-doors in their rocking-chairs, and simply resting. They strongly recommend this plan to all those women who have the cares and anxieties of family and home life.

May-day Garlands.

WOMEN IN THE NAIL AND CHAIN TRADE.

BY ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

ONE half the world, it is said, does not know how the other half lives, and the truth of this saying would be borne in very strongly upon any dainty town-bred lady, who found herself suddenly standing in the middle of a nail and chain making village in the Black Country.

On either side of her would stretch long rows of little red brick cottages, and in the tiny gardens attached to these, she would see innumerable small sheds. The sounds of continuous clinking coming from these might so far rouse her curiosity as to induce her to penetrate into one of them, when she would find to her astonishment that the shed was a kind of smithy, and that the whole family was grouped round a forge, all busily engaged in making nails or chains; the men and boys employed on the heavier kinds, the women and girls on the lighter.

At first, there is no doubt our town lady would be horrified at the spectacle of a woman taking part in such work, would eye the begrimed, coarsely-clad female figures with a little shiver of disgust, and would make free use of the adjective "unwomanly." Then by degrees, as she watched the dexterity and apparent ease with which the glowing, red-hot rods of iron were transformed into nails or chains, her interest in the process would be aroused, and her distaste to it, as an occupation for women, lessened.

Finally, if she were a woman of sense, she would begin to think. She would ask herself whether after all there is anything unwomanly in turning out small nails and chains; whether there are not indeed many other forms of work which are much more objectionable, and which nevertheless fall to woman's lot.

She would recall Mr. Besant's harrowing description of the life of an ill-paid, toiling seamstress of the Melenda and Lizzie type; would remember how she had commiserated these fictitious beings, though their sufferings had all been undergone in connection with a trade that was *par excellence* "womanly." The so-called womanly occupations, it would occur to her—shirt making, tailoring, lace making, laundry work, and the like, are not exactly pleasant work, and it might well happen that the seemingly arduous task of manufacturing nails and chains is not more toilsome, ill-paid, aud unhealthy than any of these.

Clearly there are some manifest advantages which these country nailers enjoy over the London seamstress or the factory hand. Their homes are in the country instead of in the squalid slums of an overcrowded city, they work side by side with their own belongings, can keep their babies under their eye, and are in a measure free to choose their own time of working.

Inquiry, too, would reveal that there is nothing unhealthy in nail and chain making, as there is in the manufacture of artificial flowers, lucifer matches, white lead and the like, in all of which industries women play their part.

If interest in this strange industry led our lady to stop a few days longer in the district, she would soon have an opportunity of seeing these same coal-begrimed females totally transformed, as in neat but poor garments, and with clean faces looking out at her from under their variously coloured sun-bonnets, they wended their way on Saturday to the warehouses, there to witness the weighing out of their nails and chains, and to receive the money due for them.

Such comely, pleasant specimens of womanhood would now be revealed to her that she would begin to wonder she had ever been repelled by the idea of female nailers and chain makers, and would grow quite indignant when she heard that strenuous efforts are being made to drive them out of the trade. Unluckily, it is not possible for everybody to go through a process of conversion similar to the one we have sketched above. The general public, therefore, must be referred to facts of a different kind, in order to be convinced that interference with female labour in this trade would be most uncalled-for.

Any one who takes an impartial survey of the industrial world must be at once struck by the fact that while all industries, with some trifling exceptions, are open to men, only a few, comparatively speaking, are open to women. Occupations demanding great physical strength are naturally monopolised by men, but occupations involving skill, delicacy of manipulation, and qualities more feminine than masculine, are also invaded by them.

Now, since economic authorities concur in saying that it is the narrowness of the field for women's employment which causes all that is least agreeable and worst paid in the work of the world to fall to their share, it is clear that all who have women's welfare at heart should not only seize every opportunity of opening up fresh trades to them, but should oppose all attempts to drive them out of those occupations in which they have already secured a footing. Unfortunately, such attempts are constantly being made.

Ten years ago the Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Factory Acts devoted special care and time to the state of things prevailing in certain portions of the Black Country. As a result of their investigations they reported that Parliament would not be justified in prohibiting women from working in the nail and chain trades.

Still further evidence in the same direction was afforded by the late Mrs. Paterson—a woman whose whole life was spent in promoting the industrial interests of women. Speaking at the Trades Union Congress in 1884, she said that she herself had visited Cradley Heath, and had seen girls nailing in the sheds at the back of the dwelling-houses. She found them "singing hymns, and looking strong and healthy. She saw nothing objectionable."

It might have been supposed that this explicit statement of the Commissioners would have put an end to the agitation, but, unfortunately, it did nothing of the sort. Even the defeat, in 1883, of Mr. Broadhurst's Bill, one framed expressly with a view to eliminating women from the trade, does not seem to have shaken the faith of the agitators in their chances of ultimate success.

Now there is seldom much smoke without fire, so that if, with all the weight of evidence against them, the agitators still remain active, it is plain there must be some reason for this, which we shall do well to realise.

But for the most part, when we seek to discover why some 10,000 women are to be deprived of their present mode of earning a living, quite regardless of the fact that for over 160 years they have been brought up to it, we are generally met with the vague assertion that the process of manufacturing nails and chains is not women's work. There is something particularly misleading in the free use of the assertion, that this or that is not woman's work. Even when anything quite definite is meant, it is possible that the words will not convey this particular meaning to everybody. Those among us, for instance, who are of opinion that all

work is woman's work, provided she can undertake it without injury to her health or detriment to public morals, will of course infer from the assertion: "nailing isn't woman's work," that there is something exceedingly unhealthy, or peculiarly conducive to immorality in the trade alluded to.

As a matter of fact, though, this industry, from a sanitary point of view, contrasts favourably with many others, while as regards the immorality said to follow on the mingling of the sexes in the nail shops, this charge is on the face of it absurd, seeing that, for the most part, it is only members of the same family who work together in the tiny smithies. Besides, local clergymen and others qualified to speak, unite in testifying to the absence of any exceptional immorality among the workers of the district.

It appears plain, then, that those who assert nailing is not woman's work, do not mean that it is beyond woman's strength or subversive of her morals. It is probable that they have never clearly formulated what they do mean, but it is not difficult for us to glean the grounds on which they single out the trade for reprobation. Briefly, there are few trades in the Kingdom among those carried on by both sexes, in which there is such a predominance of the female element. There are few others, also, in which such a miserable pittance is to be got for such inordinately long hours. The agitators—not unnaturally perhaps, connect these two facts by way of cause and effect, and affirm that it is female competition which depreciates the value of this labour. If, they declare, the 10,000 women at present engaged in the trade were forced by law to lay down their hammers, a general increase of well-being would be the result.

Without commenting on the injustice of such a proceeding, we will point out its futility. For if, when husband, wife, and children are all working their hardest, the joint earnings of the family barely suffice for merest subsistence, it is self-evident that the enforced idleness of mothers and daughters would in no way mend matters, unless the males of the family could either (1) do as much work alone, as they and the women together had done before; or (2) earn as much for their particular proportion of it, as had been heretofore paid for the whole. Now the first contingency is an impossible one, and the second is almost as much so.

For day by day the machine-made nails are taking the place of hand-made ones, and any rise in the price of the latter would drive these last out of the market, and effectually destroy a trade upon which some 25,000 or 30,000 persons depend.

It is the competition of the machine-made nails, then, and not the prevalence of female labour, which is imperilling an industry doomed to inevitable decay.

And the only remedy we can look to for the present distressed state of the nailers is a gradual elimination of the workers, an elimination, be it noted, not taking place on lines determined by distinctions of sex, or carried out by methods which involve injustice to women, but effected by the free action of the persons concerned.

CHILDREN AT THE RIVER.

WHAT hath God told the children?
For when their hour draws near
To pass over death's dark river
They show not a trace of fear;
Not even a pang of sorrow
For the lov'd they leave behind,
Nor a care for the strange to-morrow
O'ershadows the infant mind.

They lay down their childish treasures,
They turn from their merry play,
Without a sigh or a murmur
They are ready to pass away:
They have hardly heard the story
Of the Saviour's dying love,
Yet they hasten to share the glory
He hath won for them above.

Oh! what has the Father whispered
So tenderly in their ear,
That earth's voices fade in the distance
When that loving voice they hear?
What wonderful, bright unveiling
Do the infant eyes behold,
That the lights of earth are all paling
As they near the gates of gold?

To the banks of the last dread river
A fair, sweet child had come,
She had scarce seen three of earth's summers
When called to her heav'nly home.
And the mother, all sorrow-laden,
With a drooping, tear-stained face,
Bent over the tiny maiden
Close clasped in her fond embrace.

But the little one's smile was radiant
As she looked in her mother's eyes,
For the light was shining upon her,
All warm and bright from the skies.
And she whispered, upward gazing
Where the waiting angel band
Their anthems of joy were raising:
"Not kye! Sing 'Happy Land'!"

Oh! give us, Lord, who are waiting,
Amid earth's tumult and care,
For the heritage bright and blessed
That all Thy children shall share;
The childlike hearing that never
Shall miss the voice from above,
And the childlike heart that shall ever
Be anchored safe in Thy love!

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

DAVID KÖHLER.

A Tale of the Flood.

(from the German.)

THE mother sat in her little room, her head rested upon her hand, and her face was full of sadness. Before her stood David, her only child, who presently said in a supplicating voice—

"Mother, dear, I've done with the picture; tell me the story again of how I was saved out of the water."

But the mother did not look up, and David did not have his story that day.

Does my reader wish to know who little David was, where he lived, why his mother was so sad, and how he had been rescued from drowning?

You probably know that, flowing through Poland and a large part of North Germany, there is a great river called the Vistula. But, perhaps, you do *not* know that the Vistula is a very mischievous and treacherous stream, often rising from its bed to a great height, and rushing in frightful rage over fields, villages and towns. It is a terrible affair when the wild waves burst forth in their mad fury. It is seldom that they leave a house standing in their destructive course, and those who can manage to save their bare lives may esteem themselves fortunate, even if they are unable to secure any portion of their goods. Many there are who find a watery grave in the swollen river. To prevent the Vistula when in flood from dealing out such wholesale destruction, broad and lofty dams of earth and stone have been built upon its banks. They are higher than the water ever rises, and behind them people can live secure from danger. Nay, not quite secure, alas! Sometimes when the snow melts in the south, and flows down from the mountain summits, the river keeps getting higher and higher. With violent force it rushes towards the sea, to mingle its vast waves in those of the ocean. But as in the north the cold is very intense, heavy masses of ice cover the waves, swollen by the thaw in the south, and block up the passage of the water. Then it rises, battles with the ice-masses, whirls and eddies against the dam, which stands firmly for a short time, but soon, alas, goes down with a crash, and then, fearful is the flood!

The little town in which David's father lived, lay about a mile and a half behind one of these dams. Some years before this, when the boy was but an infant, the ice on the Vistula having begun to give way at the approach of spring, the waters rose considerably. Day and night men kept watch beside the dam, lest any part of it might be broken through by the violence of the swollen river. One evening David's father, who was a tailor of the name of Köhler, came home to his wife, and said, "We can go to sleep comfortably to-night. The river's high, to be sure, but it isn't running over the dam."

No, it had not come over the dam, but it had found out a weak place in it, against which it had rushed, so that the dam-shoot gave way, and at last was broken down, and all the exertions of the watchers were in vain. At midnight the Köhlers were awakened by the alarm-bells being sounded from a neighbouring church tower, and by the raging waters bursting into their very house. They jumped out of bed, only to find themselves knee-deep in water, and to their indescribable horror they discovered that the flood was in all the streets. The parents took the cradle in which their David slept, just managed to clamber on to the roof, felt the house shake beneath them, and waited in mortal anguish either for help to come, or for their dwelling to totter and fall down, in which case all hope of escape would be past. Shaking with cold and terror, they sat watching their neighbours' houses falling, and hearing the frantic cries of men and women for help, and witnessed the vain efforts of the poor animals to fight with the waters, the roaring sound of which echoed through the night, and all the while Köhler's house shook more and more violently. What was to become of them if it fell?

A bleating sound reached their ears, it was their goat, which Köhler vainly endeavoured to beckon on to the roof. The poor animal, bewildered with fear, no longer recognised the master's voice, and could not see his beckoning hands. But in that very moment the house reeled, lurched, and at length fell, and before the rescuing boat could reach them, they had fallen, and what next befel them they knew not.

When they came to themselves they were in the church, the only building which had offered any resistance to the flood. The father and mother were safe, but where was their child, their little David?

Ah, no one had seen the child. He must surely be sleeping his long, last sleep, and his little body would never be found amid these rushing waters.

The flood speedily subsided. By noon the next day the worst of the danger was over, the dam was soon repaired, and the Vistula, subdued, though still roaring, had sunk into its accustomed bed.

But who shall describe their joy, when a number of men, who, some on horseback, some in boats, had been searching all over the neighbourhood for any unfortunate person they might rescue from the waves, brought back in the evening David, Köhler's little David, and the delighted parents were able to press their little one, safe and sound, to their hearts.

The waves had carried the cradle, in which the child lay, upon their bosom like a boat, for a good three miles or so. At this part of the river's course its banks became steeper, and on one side was a rising ground, overgrown with blackthorn bushes, but at this time nearly covered with water. The blackthorn was putting out its first blossoms, bright little eyes they seemed, peeping out from the water, and one might fancy they looked up, and saw a cradle and a sweet child in it, and that the bush stretched out its branches like arms to seize and rescue the poor child. It held the cradle fast. The child slept peacefully. But as the morning wore on, when the sun rose high in the heavens, he woke and cried out, for he felt hungry. Off a blackthorn

in spring there was nothing to be got to eat; but then the wind rose, and rocked the cradle backwards and forwards, so that the little fellow fell asleep again. Towards evening the men came by, and heard the child, who, since the middle of the night before had eaten nothing, crying bitterly. The men came to the spot whence the crying proceeded, and they found David, and brought him to his parents.

"David will surely turn out something unusual," the father often said. "It can't be for nothing that he has been so wonderfully preserved."

This was the story that David, as he grew older, was so fond of having told him. But on this day his mother could not talk to him, she could only weep, for his father had died only a few days before.

"David mustn't be a tailor, he must be something very good and very great," he had said shortly before his death.

Ah, how gladly he would have preferred the brightest future for this dear child, and he could give him nothing!

But the mother kept the words in her heart. She was heartbroken at the death of her husband. "My poor boy," she said to him, "you have no one in the world but your mother; but mother will provide for you."

Mrs. Köhler was an energetic woman, and a hard worker. She was, indeed, obliged to be industrious, in order to provide for her little boy, as well as get her own living But by spinning it was impossible to maintain them both. She determined to go out washing. There were plenty of people in the little town who were glad to have their washing done for them. The widow was, indeed, obliged to leave her child for many hours in the course of the day; she had, in fact, to go away quite early in the morning, while David was still in bed and asleep, and she was seldom able to be back before the evening. Poor little David! he would much rather have been with his mother than with their neighbour, Mrs. Dankies, though she was very kind, and always willing to take charge of the child when Widow Köhler was out washing.

David's great wish was that he might go to school. He knew the kind old schoolmaster well, and was not the least bit afraid of him; but the old gentleman looked rather surprised when he saw the little fellow come in, and said—

"Why, David, you here? What is it you want, my boy?"

"I want to write," answered David, seating himself among the others.

The master replied by quoting a German proverb, "You're three cheeses high, but you're still much too little."

David did not understand the meaning of the expression, but he did understand that he was not wanted there. He wanted to say something to the purpose, but nothing would come into his mind, so he could only say, half crying—

"My father is dead."

"Yes, so he is, my poor boy," replied the schoolmaster,

"With violent force it rushes towards the sea." p. 72.

kindly; "and your mother has to go out working all day long. Well, if you'll be very quiet you may stay."

So it was that David went to school when he was only four years old, and at the end of seven years, if not particularly big or strong, he had become a brave, good boy, the greatest comfort to his mother.

David was now eleven years of age. It was a bitterly cold day, but warm and cosy in Widow Köhler's little room. The mother had not gone to wash that day; she wished so to give herself up to her son, and to be happy in his happiness, for there was great joy that day in that humble room. The old schoolmaster had taken great pains to get David admitted into the High School, and had at last induced the headmaster to take the boy, whom he described as likely to make a fine scholar, free of cost. He had passed David through an examination, in which he had been perfectly successful, and the delighted schoolmaster, ready to hug his pupil, had exclaimed, triumphantly—

"At Easter you're to begin going every day to the High School, and when you leave, who knows but what God may find the means for your going to college?"

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Dankies came in.

"I've come to ask David a favour," she said, "though it's too bad, as it's his birthday."

"What is it?" asked David, jumping up.

"Oh, my dear boy, my husband has to keep watch to-night on the dam——"

"Is the water very high?" said Mrs. Köhler.

"No," replied Mrs. Dankies, "not particularly high, but there's a great deal of ice upon the river, and the men are out to watch the dam. My husband has to stay there till twelve o'clock. I've made him some good soup, and thought David wouldn't mind taking it to him. It's so very cold."

"Yes," said David's mother, in a hesitating voice, "and so dark, too."

"Never mind, mother," said the boy. "I can easily go, and be back to supper."

"No, my lad," said Mrs. Dankies, "it's too far for that—more than three miles, I think. Take something to eat before you go."

It seemed hard to the mother to part from her boy on that evening—his birthday, she thought. But it never occurred either to David or herself to refuse their neighbour's request. He put on his warmest coat, took the covered basin in his hand, and set out, with a hearty "good-bye" to his mother, and a promise to be back in a couple of hours. Mrs. Köhler remained alone in her solitary little room.

Out of doors everything was dark and quiet. Meantime we will accompany David on his errand of kindness. As quickly as his legs would carry him he hastened to the place where neighbour Dankies was at his post keeping watch. The soup had, indeed, by this time become cold, but it was soon warmed-up on a quickly-kindled wood fire. A whistle brought the other watchers to the spot, and, with limbs that trembled and teeth that chattered with cold, they assembled round the warm food. The dam was in every part in the best order. The Vistula was, indeed, higher than usual, but there was no danger.

"You're a brave lad, David. I'm very much obliged to you," said Dankies, as the boy got up to return home.

"I say, my lad," said another of the men, "as you're going home just give a look to my part of the dam, to see if it's all right. I should like to stay here a bit longer."

David promised to do as the man asked him. The moon had risen, and was casting its pale beams upon the wide river, the high dam, the solitary child. It was freezing hard, and he had imprudently sat too near the fire. He was anxious to perform the charge entrusted to him, and looked carefully up as he approached the dam, to see if there was anything there that did not look all right. He knew too well of how much mischief the smallest leak might become the cause to a whole neighbourhood, and the danger of another inundation was never out of his mind.

But all of a sudden both his feet and his thoughts came to a standstill. What was that trickling sound issuing so faintly, so softly from the dam? It came from some water which had forced itself through a tiny crevice, and which was slowly pursuing its way on the landward side of the dam. David pressed his hand upon the impertinent little spring, and kept it down. But what was he to do? He knew well how quickly the little rill would increase, and that in the course of an hour it would be rushing over the dam with such force as to burst it, and to pour down the waters, now freed from any control or obstacle, wherever their wild fury led them.

There was yet time to ward it off—but how? David kept his hand tightly upon the leak, and then sprang up again, calling aloud for help, but no one was to be seen, far or near. Then he looked to see if nothing could be found to stop up the hole with, but in vain. Nothing but the stiffly-frozen ground was to be seen anywhere. When he returned to the spot he found, to his dismay, that the water was oozing out in larger quantities—so much so that his hand could no longer cover it. In an instant he had thrown off his coat and stuffed it into the hole, which done, he cried in as loud a voice as he could to the other watchers, who were gathered round the fire, imploring them to come to his aid. Alas! not one of them could hear him. Oh, if he had only had a whistle to blow! He put his frozen fingers into his mouth, hoping that the whistling sound he might in that way produce would attract attention; but how thin came the sound that he uttered. At that moment David looked round again and perceived with horror that the water was bursting out afresh. It had pushed his coat out and was once more rushing forward unopposed. Quick as lightning David rushed back to the spot, threw his coat in again, and this time held it forcibly in. This succeeded; the waters yielded, only from outside the dam David heard a low roaring sound.

No one came to his assistance; his cries for help reached no human ear. There was, therefore, nothing for it but for him to stay there keeping the leak closed, half clad, and shaking in every limb with cold. It seemed to him at last as if his strength could not hold out any longer, and once he got up to run home, but at that instant the waters burst forth afresh, and would, perhaps soon have reached his mother—that dear mother, who little suspected what danger he was in—sooner than he could himself. So, struggling with his inclination and determined that he would hold out to the very end, he waited on and on, till the church clock struck eight, and David looked up at the stars which seemed to cast friendly, pitying glances upon the poor boy. Then there came to his remembrance the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He could not fold his hands, but from his heart rose up the prayer, "Lord, help me to keep the water back till some one comes, even if it's my death." He cast down his eyes; they were becoming stiff. The water was conquered; but his head sank lower upon his heroic young breast. David felt very tired and fell asleep, never again to wake in this world: he had given his "life for his friends."

SUPPERS AND BREAKFASTS.

Menu.

Supper.—Toad-in-the hole; brown potatoes.

Breakfast.—Sausage rolls; bread and marmalade; bread and milk.

The two following dishes may be made with one pound of sausages, either of beef or pork, according to taste; and the recipe for toad-in-the-hole will be found useful for a dinner dish, substituting a pound of beef or mutton, cut into bits, for the sausages.

Toad-in-the-Hole.

Materials.—½ lb. sausages; ¼ lb. flour; 2 eggs; milk, 1 pint; pepper and salt to taste.

Directions.—Cut the sausages into pieces an inch in length, grease a warm pie-dish, lay the pieces of sausage in it, sprinkle with pepper and salt; make a batter of the eggs and milk, and pour it over the sausage. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then remove it to the cooler part of the oven, and bake till brown.

The batter should be made in this way. Beat the eggs thoroughly, then beat them with the milk. Add a little of this mixture to the flour, and break the lumps till it is in a creamy state. Then pour the rest of the egg and milk into it gradually, and beat it altogether sharply for ten minutes. Pour it at once over the sausages, and place it in a hot oven. Time, 1 hour.

Success in making a light batter depends upon several things. Thorough beating is one of these, but many cooks waste their trouble by setting aside their batter for a few minutes when beaten, or by placing it in a cool oven. Eggs are not a necessity for a light batter, baking powder, fresh-fallen snow, and other things may be substituted, but they are neither so wholesome nor so nourishing as good fresh eggs.

Brown Potatoes.

Materials.—12 medium-sized potatoes; 4 ozs. dripping; flour, 1 tablespoonful; salt.

Directions.—Wash and peel the potatoes thinly, lay them in a tin dish with the dripping, flour them from the dredger, add a little salt, and bake them for an hour quickly, turning, basting and flouring them once or twice.

Sausage Rolls.

Materials.—½ lb. sausages; ½ lb. flour; 2 ozs. butter; 3 ozs. lard; 1 teaspoonful each of salt and baking-powder; a little milk, a little water.

Directions.—Make puff pastry in this way: Mix the flour, salt, and baking powder together thoroughly—dry; then stir in enough water, gradually, to form a stiff paste. Flour a pastry board and roller, and roll this out, spread it with butter, thickly and evenly, fold it over three times—that is, so that the pastry is three times as thick as when it was spread; roll it out again, keeping the board and roller well floured, then spread it with lard, and fold it again in three. Repeat this process four times in all, twice spreading with butter, twice with lard, fold it over in three once more, and roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Cut the pastry into pieces, two inches longer than a sausage, and six inches broad. Cut each sausage into half (lengthways) and lay each half-sausage in a piece of pastry, roll it up in it, and pinch together the ends with a floured fork.

Brush the rolls over the top with a little milk (this can be done with a feather or a quill pen), put them into a greased tin, each one well separate from the next, and bake in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes till they are a light brown.

It is a good plan to make up a good fire an hour before you make pastry, for the best made pastry will not be light if it be put aside for half-an-hour while the oven is getting hot. To find out whether the oven is hot enough, sprinkle a pinch of flour on the iron of the hottest shelf. If it turn brown in half a minute, the oven is the right temperature. Put the rolls in the hottest part, and if they are likely to get burnt, in ten minutes move them to the cool shelf for five minutes, to cook the sausage through.

Gosport Orange Marmalade.

By those who prefer home-made marmalade, the following recipe will be found excellent. Marmalade should be made in February, and keeps well for upwards of a year.

Materials.—1 doz. Seville oranges; 6 lbs. lump sugar; 3 quarts water.

Directions.—Cut each orange in half, take out the pips, and slice all the rest of it thinly, without removing any of the white part. Put the sliced oranges into a large stew-pan, taking care to lose none of the juice, cover with three quarts of cold water and simmer them, covered closely for seven hours. Take out a bit of peel, and if the head of a pin will easily pierce it, the peel is enough done. Then add the sugar, gradually stirring it in; boil the marmalade sharply till it jellies on the spoon (which will be in about half an hour), and pour it into preserve pots. When cold, it should be a strong jelly; keep it in a cool cupboard.

Expenses for Supper and Breakfast.

Sausages, 1 lb., 10d.; flour, 1d; 2 eggs, 2d.; milk, 6d.; marmalade, 4d.; bread, 4d.; potatoes, 2d.; dripping, 2d.; pepper and salt, 1d.; butter and lard, 4d. Total, 3s.

Average for six persons, 6d. each. I. L. Richmond.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

(Concluded from page 55).

FROM 1782, when Mr. Edgeworth and his family returned to live at their Irish home, dates not only Maria Edgeworth's close observation of Irish character and customs, but also the very painstaking literary training which she began to receive from her father. Up to this time Maria had been much at school; owing to the delicate health of her first step-mother, it was considered best that her education should be mainly carried on elsewhere than at home. Now, however, Mr. Edgeworth divided his time between the management of his estates and the education of his children, and to Maria's literary education in particular he devoted himself with singular zeal and assiduity. She was continually practised by him in systematic observing and writing; she was instructed to prepare stories in outline. "None of your drapery," her father would say; "I can imagine all that.

Let me see the bare skeleton." At this stage her compositions would be altered, revised and amended by him, and then returned to her for completion.

There is no doubt whatever of the immense pains which Mr. Edgeworth bestowed upon Maria's literary training; and Maria herself felt that she owed everything to him. It may, however, very well be doubted whether his influence upon her was good from the literary point of view. He gave her method and system, and he cultivated her natural faculties for observation; but there was something very mechanical and pedantic in his mind—an affectation, a want of humour, and a want of spontaneity: she, when left to herself, was content with grouping the facts of life and nature as she saw them around her, without trying to be more instructive than they are. "Castle Rackrent," which is the best of her Irish stories, was entirely her own, and bears no traces of her father's hand. This is the only one of her tales of which she did not draw out a preliminary sketch or framework for her father's criticism. She says herself of this story, "A curious fact, that where I least aimed at drawing characters I succeeded best. As far as I have heard, the characters in "Castle Rackrent" were, in their day, considered as better classes of Irish characters than any I ever drew; they cost me no trouble, and were made by no *receipt*, or thought of philosophical classification; there was literally not a correction, not an alteration, made in the first writing, no copy, and, as I recollect, no interlineation; it went to the press just as it was written. Other stories I have corrected with the greatest care, and remodelled and re-written." If she had given the world more work of this kind, and less of the kind produced under her father's methods, her name would to-day occupy a higher place than it does in the hierarchy of literature.

Maria Edgeworth may be said to have invented the modern novel, which gives the traits, the speech, the manners, and the thoughts of a peasantry instead of moving only among the upper ten thousand. The great Sir Walter Scott, with his usual frankness and generosity, stated in his preface to the Waverley Novels that what really started him in his career as a novelist was the desire to do for Scotland and the Scotch peasantry what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland and the Irish peasantry. "I felt," he said, "that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and to tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles." Another of the leading writers of this century has acknowledged his indebtedness to Miss Edgeworth. The great Russian novelist, Ivan Tourgenieff, told a friend that when he was quite young himself he was unacquainted with the English language, but he used to hear his elder brother reading out to his friends translations of Miss Edgeworth's Irish stories, and the hope rose in his mind that one day he would be able to do for Russia and her people what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland.

Readers of the life of Maria Edgeworth find plenty of evidence of the extremely disturbed state of Ireland during the ten or twelve years which immediately preceded the passing of the Act of Union, in 1800. Reports of midnight outrages by armed and disguised bands of assassins were frequent; unpopular people were hooted and pelted by day, and sometimes murdered by night; country houses were provided with shutters so contrived as to make it possible to open a cross-fire upon these murderous bands in case of necessity. The "Thrashers" and the "Whitetooths" were the names then assumed by those marauders who in later times have been known as Whiteboys and Moonlighters. The state of Ireland, politically and socially, became so critical that many people began to feel that almost any change must be for the better. Added to all the other elements of confusion, there was, about 1798, the almost daily expectation of the French invasion. England and France were at war, and it was believed by our enemies that if they could once effect a landing in Ireland the people of that island were so ready for rebellion that the landing of the French would be in itself almost enough to place the whole country at their disposal. In this expectation they were, fortunately, very much deceived. A graphic description of the French invasion, and its utter failure to accomplish its purpose, has been given by Miss Edgeworth. Her family had, indeed, a very close acquaintance with the rebels and the invaders. The county in which Edgeworthstown was situated was in actual insurrection, and when the French landed at Killala, in the county of Mayo, they marched immediately upon Longford, which was in close proximity to Edgeworthstown.

Mr. Edgeworth sent to the nearest garrison for military protection for his household. He also found the majority of the troop of infantry which he had organised faithful to him; but it soon became evident, in spite of this and of the personal fidelity of his servants and tenants, that the house must be abandoned, and that the whole family must take refuge in the town of Longford. There is something rather amusing as well as touching in Maria's womanly regrets at leaving her new paint and paper to the mercy of the rebels and the French. "My father," she wrote, "has made our little rooms so nice for us; they are all fresh painted and papered. O rebels! O French! spare them! We have never injured you, and all we wish is to see everybody as happy as ourselves." After the family and household had made good their departure from Edgeworthstown, Mr. Edgeworth remembered that he had left, on the table of his study, a list of the names of the men serving in his corps, on whose fidelity he could depend. If this list fell into the hands of the enemy, the men whose names were upon it would probably be selected for bitter and cruel vengeance. "It would serve," wrote Miss Edgeworth, "to point out their houses for pillage and their families for destruction. My father turned his horse instantly, and galloped back. The time of his absence appeared immeasurably long, but he returned safely, after having destroyed the dangerous paper." Even if Mr. Edgeworth did spoil Maria's romances, he must be forgiven for the sake of this act of unselfish gallantry. When the family arrived in safety at Longford dangers began to arise from another source. It was discovered in the course of a few days that Edgeworthstown House had been left by the rebels entirely uninjured. The corps of infantry which Mr. Edgeworth had brought with him into Longford consisted partly of Catholics. Mr. Edgeworth entertained and defended with vigour a plan for the defence of the town different from that favoured by other persons in authority. All these circumstances were put together with the speed of wild-fire, and created in the minds of the ultra-Orange Protestants of Longford the conviction that Mr. Edgeworth was in secret league with the rebels; this, they were convinced, was the reason why his house had been spared, why he had admitted Papists into any of the bonds of good fellowship; and his plan for the defence of the jail and the garrison was, they believed, only a trick for making them over into the enemy's hands. Two farthing candles, by the

Abbotsford

light of which Mr. Edgeworth had read the paper the previous evening, near the fortifications of the jail, were speedily exaggerated into a statement that the jail had been illuminated as a signal to the enemy. An armed mob assembled, fully determined to tear him to pieces. He escaped through the merest accident. Seeing him accompanied by English officers in uniform the Orangemen thought he was being brought back a prisoner, and were for the moment satisfied. The incident is illustrative of the conflicting passions which, for so many years, have formed the great social and political difficulty in Ireland.

The rebels and their French allies were defeated at the battle of Ballynamuck, and the quiet family life at Edgeworthstown was resumed. All through the turmoil of wars and rumours of wars, the even tenor of Maria's way was very little disturbed. "I am going on in the old way." she wrote, "writing stories. I cannot be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any of us one degree safer."

Maria and her father had published their joint book, "Practical Education," in the very year (1798) of the exciting events just narrated. Elizabeth, the second stepmother, also had a hand in it; to her notes, we are told, may be traced the chapter on "Obedience." In this chapter the original view is put forward that in order to form and firmly implant in little children the habit of obedience, their parents should be careful at first only to tell them to do what they like doing. The habit of unquestioning obedience thus formed will, it is thought, be sufficiently strong to bear the strain, when the time comes that the child is told to do things which it would rather not do. There is a considerable element of good sense in this method, as most people will agree who have tried it in the training and teaching of dogs. A much more doubtful theory put forward in the book is that children never should be in the society of servants. This appears to us, in these more democratic days, to savour very much of pride and conceit. It is quite true that parents cannot depute to a hired servant, however faithful, the responsibility of their own position. But to say that a child is on no account to speak to a servant, or to be spoken to by one, appears to us now as most unreasonable and mischievous. How valuable in bridging over the gulf that still separates class from class is the warm affection that often exists between children and their nurses! Many a nurse has vied with a mother in warm and self-sacrificing devotion for her little charges; and all this wholesome and healing affection would be lost if the plan advocated by the Edgeworths were carried out. It is satisfactory to hear that Mrs. Barbauld protested against this doctrine, and told Mr. Edgeworth that, besides the fact that it would foster pride and ingratitude, "one-and-twenty other good reasons could be alleged against it." It may be hoped that Mr. Edgeworth acknowledged himself vanquished before this formidable battery opened fire.

One of the most delightful incidents of Miss Edgeworth's later life was her friendship with Sir Walter Scott. When the first of the Waverley Novels appeared, the secret of its authorship had been so carefully kept that every one was in the dark on the subject. The publishers had sent a copy to Miss Edgeworth and her father. As soon as Mr. Edgeworth had finished reading it, he exclaimed, "Aut Scotus, aut Diabolus," *i.e.*, "either Scott or the Devil"; and Maria

put these words at the top of the letter which she wrote thanking the publishers for the book. Scott was already known to the world by his poems, and to this must be attributed the ready wit of the good guess made by the Edgeworths; for up to this time neither father nor daughter had had the pleasure of meeting Scott. In 1823, however, they did meet, and the acquaintance soon ripened into a lifelong friendship. Scott acted as guide to Miss Edgeworth and her sisters in showing them the beauties and monuments of Edinburgh. They visited him at Abbotsford, and took a little tour together in the beautiful scenery of the Highlands. There are delightful descriptions in Miss Edgeworth's letters of Scott and his wife; and we have a pretty little picture of Scott and Lady Scott driving out, he with his dog, Spicer, in his lap, and she with her dog, Ourisk, in hers.

When Maria arrived at Abbotsford, and was received by her host at his archway, she exclaimed, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream." Two years later, Scott, accompanied by his daughter and other members of his family, paid a return visit to Edgeworthstown House. Lockhart, Scott's biographer and son-in-law, was one of the party. In his "Life of Scott" he tells how on one occasion he himself let fall some remark that poets and novelists probably regarded the whole of human life simply as providing them with the materials for their art. "A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said, 'I fear you have some very young ideas in your head. Are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature, to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care, who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! What a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our true calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart.' Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes . . . but she brushed her tears gaily aside, and said, 'You see how it is. Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.'"

The delightful friendship between the two authors continued without interruption till Scott's death in the autumn of 1832. The clouds that overshadowed his later years were bitterly lamented by Maria. She wrote of the "poignant anguish" she felt from the thought that such a life had been shortened by care and trouble. She declined, with one exception, to allow Scott's letters to herself to be published. If they are still in existence, the reasons which caused her to withhold them no longer exist, and judging from all we know of Scott and of her, it would be a great gain to the public to be afforded the opportunity of reading them.

Those who have read the series of short biographies of eminent women in the THE MOTHERS' COMPANION, will find a great many of the subjects of these sketches among Miss Edgeworth's friends. She gives a delightful description of Mrs. Fry, whom she once accompanied to Newgate. "She opened the Bible," wrote Miss Edgeworth, "and read in the most sweetly solemn, sedate voice I ever heard, slowly and distinctly, without any thing in the manner that would detract attention from the matter." The Herschels and Mrs. Somerville were also numbered among her friends. People sometimes seem to think that women who can write books, and have learnt to understand the wonders of science, will probably cease to care for feminine nicety in dress. It is therefore very pleasant to find that Mrs. Somerville, the author of "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," and Miss Edgeworth had a conference about a blue crape turban.

Maria Edgeworth's life did not pass without the romance of love. She received an offer of marriage from a Swedish gentleman, while she was staying in Paris with her family in 1803. She returned his affection, but refused to marry him, sacrificing herself and him to what she believed to be her duty to her father and family. Her third and last stepmother wrote that for years "the unexpected mention of his name, or even that of Sweden, in a book or newspaper, always moved her so much that the words and lines in the page became a mass of confusion before her eyes, and her voice lost all power." Her suitor, M. Edelcrantz, never married. At the altar of filial piety she sacrificed much.

Nothing is more charming, in the character of Maria Edgeworth, than the sweetness with which she put her own feelings on one side, and welcomed one after another of her numerous stepmothers. The third and last, a Miss Beaumont, was considerably younger than Maria. The marriage with Mrs. Edgeworth No. 4 took place about six months after the death of Mrs. Edgeworth No. 3. No wonder that even the inexhaustible patience of the good daughter was rather tried by this rapidity. She owns that when she first heard of the attachment, she did not wish for the marriage; but her will was in all respects resolutely turned towards whatever would promote her father's happiness. She did not permit her regret to last, and she welcomed the bride not only with unaffected cordiality, but with sincerest friendship.

Another pleasant characteristic of Maria was the cheery way in which she recognised and bore with being the only plain member of her family. There is a nice old sister in Silas Marner who says to some ladies who had not at all recognised their own want of beauty, "I don't mind being ugly a bit, do you?" Maria was like this, except that she thought she possessed a pre-eminence of ugliness over all other competitors. "Nobody is ugly now," she wrote in 1831, "but myself!" Impartial observers, however, state that the plainness of her features was redeemed by the sweetness and vivacity of her expression, and by the exquisite neatness of her tiny figure.

Many examples could be given of her practical good sense and benevolence. On receiving a legacy of some diamond ornaments, she sold them, and with the proceeds built a market-house for the village in Ireland where she lived. In 1826, nine years after her father's death, she again undertook, this time for her brother, the management of the estates. She exerted herself with characteristic energy to alleviate the sufferings of her country during the terrible year of the Irish famine. She died very suddenly and painlessly, two years later, in the arms of her stepmother, on May 22nd, 1849, aged eighty-two. Macaulay considered her the second woman in Europe of her time, giving the first place to Madame de Stael. She does not seem to us now so great as this; but a variety of interests centre round her, and she well deserves to be remembered.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

MAY is too often in this climate of ours a nondescript sort of month, with some days so bright and yet so cuttingly cold that we want all our warmest things, and other days so dull that spring clothing or any kind of light clothes look almost out of place. Rarely is it warm enough for cottons, save and except the dressmakers' cottons of the present day, which are made up on a lining, sleeves and all, and are consequently much warmer, as well as much more difficult to wash and get up than the simpler but not so well-fitting cottons of a few years ago. On many May-days a tailor-made serge, tweed, or vicugna is none too warm, and a very useful betwixt-and-between dress is a beige, a thin woollen material sometimes called carmelite, or, at all events, its first cousin.

Pinked-out silk in ruches is still much used. It is a very neat and unpretentious, and often a convenient, trimming, but it has its drawbacks, and one of them is that five minutes' walk on a dry day fills it with dust, and this dust is very difficult to remove, especially for people with whom time is money. This has been alluded to before in these pages, but is worth mentioning again. A grey or stone-coloured cloth mantle, trimmed with a ruche of the same colour, is not open to this objection, but a black one is.

The bonnets of the present season so far are very neat and becoming. The wonderfully high, broad, and remarkable looking bonnets and hats are not worn by the best people nor sold at the best shops. The shape most likely to be popular is called the "Empress Victoria;" it has a scalloped edge that rests on the hair, and is made of black drawn net and jet. The trimming, which gives it a little height, is upright bows of apricot or salmon-coloured lisse, with a few sprays of beaded uprights made on purpose for mixing with ribbons. Many of the bonnets are made of fancy plaits of coarse straw, and others of Manilla hemp worked in long but regular stitches with a bone crochet-hook, and mixed with this in many instances is a twist of fancy straw, thousands of yards of which have been lying by for the last twenty years. Pretty delicate shades of green are very much used, and many ribbons are made of three and four stripes of harmonising colours. The two most charming things in the way of flowers are lilac and Neapolitan violets, and they are put on in relief to masses of small-leaved ivy, so natural that anyone might believe it just gathered out of a Devonshire hedge. The daintiest and most delightful little caps are made of softly-tinted embroidered lisses with cream, ecru or primrose grounds worked with delicate mauves, blues, browns and stone-colours, and trimmed with a few bows of ribbons of those colours, sometimes with an ostrich tip or two and a few curled strands of a sort of grass which looks light, but is not stolen, like the egrets, from the plumage of any innocent birds. Ostrich tips are very becoming to the face when they are small and cleverly arranged with the lace and ribbon.

"At Homes" are very popular forms of entertainment, and are of various kinds. There is the ordinary being "at home" on one afternoon in a week, which only demands nice morning dress, and there is the evening "at home," which, in some cases, means that there is music and recitation going on, and sometimes these are succeeded by a carpet dance. This calls for a quiet evening dress such as a black satin merveilleux, or a black lace, or grenadine toilette for matrons, and soft "liberty" or nun's cloth dresses for girls. They should be open *en cœur* if at all, absolutely low bodices being too dressy. In fact, the American ideas about women always having elbow sleeves and bodices only a little open is gaining ground, and, it is to be hoped, will continue to do so.

Some people eschew any semblance of white lace or tuckers, but it is not every skin that will stand the harsh contrast with the black lace, and gentlemen always like to see something in the shape of white or cream. Crossway folds of China silk are very nice, and a pretty way of filling in the opening of a black dress is to take a yard of white or cream tulle, put it round the neck and cross it in front before putting on the bodice. A pin at the back will keep the tulle from "riding up," and the ends can be very neatly arranged, and a bow of ribbon or bunch of flowers fastened just where they meet the dress.

Hair-dressing is very pretty just now. Those who have long, thick hair still twist it up into figures of 8 behind, and many whose hair is comparatively thin and short part it straight down the middle behind and then brush and comb each side upwards and coil it round on either side of the top of the head, as may be seen in our figure with the black lace dress. It is said that the long loose curls of fifty years ago are coming up again, and women who have well-shaped heads and naturally curly hair can wear nothing more becoming. But these curls are ruination to dresses and mantles, and require a special style of bonnet, though almost all hats can be worn with them.

All the new parasols and umbrellas are distinguished by long handles and knobs at the end, which are often quite valuable, but are very well imitated in glass and china. Floral parasols are much used and are pretty when the flowers are small, and the parasols of Indian muslin. They are perfection for a flower-show or a summer fête, but are hardly fit for ordinary work-a-day wear.

The pattern of the bodice may be had on forwarding 6½d. in stamps to "M. L.," care of Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Every effort will be made to dispatch patterns promptly, but we cannot guarantee to send them by return of post.

IS ALL KNOWLEDGE POWER?

BY MRS. G. E. MORTON.

THE maxim of the world is that "Knowledge is power"; and there is no trite saying that is more universally accepted and heartily believed in than this. Knowledge in the abstract, knowledge in detail, knowledge of things both good and bad, is supposed to be helpful; and those to whom Scripture words are familiar will quote, in support of this theory, Proverbs xxiv. 5: "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength."

But is the acquisition of *all* knowledge a source of strength? Surely not. We have but to remember our first parents and their mournful history to know that some knowledge may be too dearly purchased, and that, instead of strength, it may prove only utter weakness and failure. The history of Solomon would teach us the same truth. As long as the knowledge he acquired was *God-given*, so long was he prosperous and strong and happy. All the kings of the earth sought his presence, "to hear his wisdom that God had put in his heart" (2 Chron. ix. 23); for "he spake of the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes" (1 Kings iv. 33).

Every sort of knowledge that was elevating, instructive, and useful, God gave him in answer to his prayer; but this did not content him. Satan was busy with him, as with Adam and Eve in Eden, and filled him with longings to know about evil things; and so we read, in his own words (Eccles. i. 17, and ii. 3), "I gave my heart to know wisdom, and *to know madness and folly*. . . I sought in mine heart to *give myself unto wine*, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to *lay hold on folly*." Truly "this wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish" (James iii. 15.) And did it bring him happiness? Read again his own words in that same book of remorseful confessions: "Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me. . . Therefore I hated life. . . yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun. . . Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun" (chapter ii.)

The wisdom that God gives could never produce such feelings of misery and failure as are here expressed; and none knew this better than "the Preacher, the son of David," himself. In this same chapter he affirms that "God giveth to a man that is good in His sight wisdom, and knowledge, *and joy:* but to the sinner He giveth travail." And so he found it.

The beginning of Solomon's downward course may be easily traced. Against God's direct and constantly repeated prohibitions, he took to himself wives from the idolatrous nations round. The Tempter must have found it easy, after such flagrant disobedience, to decoy him into other bye-paths of sin, and to stimulate in him the desire for forbidden, guilty knowledge. Great was the contrast between the end of Solomon's reign and its bright and glorious beginning; and how sad is the brief, simple record given us in 1 Kings xi. 4: "It came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods": and he "did evil in the sight of the Lord;" and God was angry with him, and stirred up adversaries against him, and turned his own servant into the powerful rival of his son and successor, so that Rehoboam reigned over a greatly diminished kingdom, having but two tribes under his rule instead of twelve.

Solomon had not found that "Knowledge is power."

This should convince us that there must not be an indiscriminate seeking after knowledge, seeing it may prove either a ladder to lead us nearer to God, or a pitfall to entangle us in Satan's net; and as there is a wisdom, both from above and also from beneath, it is of vital importance that we should choose that which is safe and honourable, and avoid what is dangerous and debasing. But sometimes the two paths would almost seem to run parallel; how can we decide in that case which is the right one? Truly the only way is to make the prayer of Ps. cxix. 66 our own: "Teach me good judgment and knowledge."

In our passage through this sin-stricken world, it is impossible but that we must become acquainted with much evil. Sin crosses our path at every turn. Iniquity abounds. We cannot go to any place and say, There is no sin here; therefore, if the fear and love of God are in our hearts, we, like "righteous Lot," must often feel our souls vexed within us at the sights and sounds that meet us in daily life—God's holy name blasphamed, His pure laws broken, His commandments set at naught. Instead of love prevailing, there is hate; instead of kindness, cruelty; instead of contentment, covetousness and theft; instead of purity, lust. How carefully we mothers should try to guard our children from becoming contaminated by so much evil! for a close familiarity with vice is a dangerous thing, and tends to take the fresh bloom of modesty off the mind. When the knowledge of sin ceases to shock and pain us, let us beware! There is then but a step to the committal of that same sin should temptation come.

But there is one anxious question that must often press on the mother's mind: how far may it be expedient to tell our children of evil, in order to put them on their guard against it? In the sacred shelter of a Christian home the need does not exist. But the time comes when the son and the daughter must make their own way in the world; must they go forth unwarned of all the snares that Satan will assuredly spread for their young feet? Ah, no. To warn them is a solemn duty; and if, in the different positions in which they may be placed, there are special temptations to which they will be exposed, give them most careful instructions for their guidance, at the same time bearing in mind the Apostle Paul's admonition, "But yet I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil" (Romans xvi. 19).

Above all, do not neglect the blessed privilege of prayer. Teach them to pray, and pray for them yourself. Prayer—believing, trusting prayer—will reach God's throne, and bring down untold blessing on your absent children. For *prayer is power*—it "moves the Hand that rules the world."